The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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HOW JESUS TREATED WAYFARERS

EVERYBODY knows by experience that it is the unexpected that is always happening. Our chance meetings and unplanned associations are always opening doors upon new fields of life. The surprise of it all keeps us from being bored. For who knows what a rich blessing is disguised in the most ordinary occurrence? If we can only Christianize our every contact with people—as Jesus did—we shall miss nothing that life's opportunity holds. But what if we don't?

It is a very interesting study to examine the kinds of people whom Jesus reached in the short three years of His ministry. Reading the Gospels from this point of view is like looking at a stage which is filled with the radiance of His personality. Across it moves a long succession of people one after another, each one standing for a moment in that light to be helped or healed or rebuked; and then passing on—a different kind of man.

The curious fact comes out that many of these people whom Jesus reached were not those He went definitely out to seek, or gathered about Him by His preaching. They were people whom He met in the most casual way—people who were drifting along the road of life on some errand of their own, and who at one unforgettable moment and in the most unexpected way came into touch with Christ.

Does not this suggest to us an important fact, that some of the most valuable opportunities we have of helping people come in this casual fashion? The great chances of life are not always those we go to seek. They are those that open to us when we are not thinking of them, but are, in point of fact, thinking of something else. And there is nothing of which this is more true than of our chances of helping people. The seeds that beautify the world are not always those that are sown in our gardens of set purpose and with deliberation. They are those that are sown on the wind and carried by it to some lonely and hidden desert spot. We think less than we ought of the sphere of influence which God puts definitely into our power. But we often think nothing at all of the power we have to being brightness and hope into the hearts of people through our casual contacts with strangers—in the street, for instance, or at business or on a railway journey. Yet these contacts, if we only realized it, may sometimes be the most fruitful of all.

> Just this or that poor impulse,
> Which for once had play unstifled,
> Seems the sole work of a lifetime
> That away the rest has trifled.

Let us look for a moment at the attitude of Jesus to these casual strangers.

In the first place, every man or woman was for Him a child of the Father. They might belong to a different race. They might be rich or poor, outcast or respectable. These distinctions meant nothing to Jesus. He never took men at their face value or judged them by the labels which society attaches to us all. He had the gift of seeing underground. Not long ago a man died of whom it was told that he had an eye for beautiful stones. If he were walking along a beach, his eye would catch the glitter of some bit of crystal or some richly veined pebble hid among the rubble. Jesus went through the world like that. He saw the gleam of some need, some aspiration. He caught the whisper of some prayer that trembled on the lips. He heard the secret sob of some distress breaking out in the most ordinary conversation. He knew that there is no man without his problem, his secret trouble to lay him open to God; and He was ready to meet him there. For the sense of need or trouble is the Shadow of God. The result was that the barriers of icy reserve behind which people shelter their souls were melted in His presence. Men found they could talk to Him about their troubles, and before they knew they were pouring them into His ear. Think, for instance, of the woman at the well. The last thing she thought

of doing when she went out that day for her supply of water was to tell her secret story to a stranger, and that stranger a man of a race she hated! But before she had been ten minutes in His company her secret was out. It was His open-heartedness that did it, the touch of that human interest "which makes the whole world kin."

But again He was always His best. He never kept Himself back or consented for a moment to be less than His highest self. He was never afraid of giving Himself away. Was it not said of Him that He gave Himself *for* us? It was just as true that He gave Himself *to* us. There are moments in our lives when we consent to be less than our best. We do not think it necessary to show our better side to strangers. We keep that for the exclusive society in which the best is demanded of us by the atmosphere of expectation in which we live. At home or at church or in the circle of our intimates we have an audience that demands our best and we respond to it. But where no demand is visibly made, we do not feel that we are called upon to let ourselves go with the kindness of the sympathy which is in us. The result is that we often fail to awaken the best in others. How much of the hostility or bitterness of people is created by the very way in which we approach them! There are those who always see the best side of others because their influence evokes it; there are some who always see the worst for the same reason.

Jesus was never afraid to make an adventure of kindness. It was nothing to Him that He might meet with a rebuff. But He knew that friendliness creates goodwill, and love kindles faith, and courage touches men to courage and hope, as flame is caught from flame.

And what was the effect of His contact with people? Was it not to break down barriers, to make people forget the things that divide them from others? Was it not to bring lonely men and women into the sense of a world in which God is Father? His whole life was spent in nothing so much as bridging gulfs of hostility and melting prejudice.

Think of Zaccheus. The man was carrying about a frosted soul. He felt the chill of being an outcast. There were few who did not hate him and make him feel he was a kind of pariah. But when Jesus spoke to him that day when he least expected it, and spoke to him as a friend, the frozen heart thawed. He was brought into a new world—a world in which God lives and loves. And that thaw was the beginning of a new life. It was the dawn of springtime in his soul.

The result for Him and for many people was a new world. The way was long, but it was lit with love and hope. They might have said of Jesus what the natives of Samoa said of Stevenson, who unveiled to them a human heart: "The way was no longer than his kindness." The world had been dark before, filled with all sorts of doubts. Now, since the track of Jesus had crossed their path, the darkness had been banished with a radiance that would not pass away.

So Paul and Silas sang in the prison at Philippi their song of faith, and the prisoners listened to them; and listened with an ear which was open for God. And the prison doors were opened and the prisoners' bands were loosed—in a deeper sense than by an earthquake. So a Boston newspaper wrote of Phillipps Brooks: "It was a dull day in Newspaper Row, but Phillipps Brooks came down the street and all was bright." We are all adding something to the atmosphere in which people live, though we only touch them, "like ships that pass in the night." That something may make the air more vital with hope or faith or courage, or it may make it heavier with bitterness and loneliness and despair.

It is worth while examining our casual contacts in the light of Christ. There are problems awaiting solution in our time which are almost terrifying. The world is seamed with hostilities and suspicions. It is next door to impossible for many of us to find ways of bridging these gulfs by any definite methods of getting together.

How are we going to produce the right feeling among the classes? How are we going to sweeten the frictions that threaten the life of society? How are we going to heal the racial conflicts and dissolve the prejudices which are the seed-plots of fear and war? There is one way that is open: it is in our casual contacts as we walk together and jostle one another on the common road. There is a field of opportunity here for every one of us—far wider than we dream. How do we treat the wayfarer from some other land—the man of another color who comes to our shores? It is in the contacts which are casual that friction is made or healed. What can the man from India or China feel, if at every step in England he is met with suspicion or cold contempt? How can we give men the sense of brotherhood that will bring us together, if no breath of it escapes in the casual contacts which are all that lie open to us? Two brothers once met after a long estrangement. There was fear and suspicion on the part of one, for he knew that he had done the wrong. But the other met him on the way with a gracious generosity which broke down all barriers and let in the light of a new spirit. And this was what his brother said: *Verily I have seen thy face as it had been the face of God.*—*Rev. James Reid.*

You must be the creator of your own imagination, for to be otherwise you lose your own individuality.

The world was not made in a day, neither is one's character.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Lima beans—1 pint green lima beans, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, boiling water to barely cover. Cook until water is almost absorbed. Lima beans cooked this way have a particularly rich and fine flavor.

Ginger ale salad—1 package lemon-flavored gelatin, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup ginger ale, ⅓ cup grapes, seeded and cut in pieces, ⅓ cup finely cut celery, ⅓ cup fine shreds of apple, ½ cup well-drained crushed pineapple. Dissolve gelatin in hot water, then add ginger ale (in measuring ginger ale be sure to fill the cup, or the salad will be too stiff). When cool, and beginning to set, add remaining ingredients. Place in mold to harden. Serve on lettuce with whipped cream.

Variations: ½ cup finely diced cucumber, half cup finely cut celery.

Minced preserved ginger (one or two tablespoons), or three or four kumquats washed and finely cut, may be added to any of the above combinations.

Rice and cheese puffs—1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup chopped cheese, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, few grains paprika, 3 eggs. Melt the butter, add flour and seasonings, and gradually the milk. When cooked, add the cheese. Stir until it melts; turn in rice. Separate eggs, beat the yolks light and add to the mixture, then fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake in buttered ramekins, set in hot water, about 25 minutes.

Handy Hints

Green peas, whose shells are quite matured and slightly dried, are more delicious when cooked for two hours, with salt and butter and a little sugar, than fresh younger ones.

In winter when dried prunes are frequently used, much labor and fuel are saved if the fruit is cooked in large quantities, sweetened and sealed in pint cans. Other dried fruits may be prepared in the same way.

A small rug of any kind which is beginning to wear will last for years if lined with heavy overall ducking and stitched firmly.

Hours are wasted by not having pencil and paper by the telephone. A box of small scraps of paper or a pad and pencil are indispensable.

Old silk hose, if cut open and sewed together, make soft dust cloths for fine furniture.

Old bath towels are easily converted into pan lifters, if cut in small squares and given a neat covering of bright gingham or chintz. To the corner may be sewed a snap from a child's supporter or a brass ring and the lifter hung on a screw hook near the range. These launder very nicely.

Half of a grape fruit or half of a cantaloupe fits nicely into small Japanese bowls for serving.

PRAYER FOR A NEW HOUSE

May nothing evil cross this door,
And may ill fortune never pry
About these windows: may the roar
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith, these rafters will
Withstand the battering of the storm;
This hearth, though all the world grow chill,
Will keep us warm.

Peace shall walk softly through all these rooms,
Touching our lips with holy wine,
Till every casual corner blooms
Into a shrine.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout;
And, though these sheltering walls are thin,
May they be strong to keep hate out
And hold love in.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

ICE THAT CAN BE POURED

The Germans, who may reasonably claim all championships in finding substitutes, have surpassed all previous achievements in making synthetic things. They have devised an imitation ice for skating and sliding. It is not artificial ice, the term that we use for ice that is not actually artificial. It is a real substitute that can be poured out on a smooth surface, which hardens quickly, and does not melt under a temperature of 208 degrees Fahrenheit.

Something like it is presumably seen at times on vaudeville stages where skaters have to have an imitation ice surface. But the German project goes beyond anything known here. It is being poured out now on an indoor rink with an area of 16,000 square yards. It will make hockey an all-year game if it works out as satisfactorily as the promoters claim.

If the Germans can go a step further and hit upon a way to keep our golf links and tennis courts dry through the winter, they can make enough from the patent to pay all reparation costs.—*Boston Post.*

THE BROOK IN THE WOOD

In the dim heart of the wood
Brown mould about brown tree-roots
Stirs with the purple of awakening violets.
Along its weedy bed the brook tiptoes,
Feeling the sun-warmth,
Reassuring itself,
Before it begins its dancing;
Waiting to catch the sound of bird-notes
Before it begins its singing.

—*Dorothy Grace Beck.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

(First Parish, Cambridge, Mass. Send requests to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass.)

Collections and Recollections. (These papers appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of 1897.)
Crabb's English Synonyms.
Life of William Ellery Channing. William Henry Channing.
Students' History of Philosophy. Arthur Kenyon Rogers.
George Müller of Bristol and His Witness to a Prayer-Hearing God.
Formative Types in English Poetry. George H. Palmer.
The World Beautiful. Lillian Whiting.
Elements of Literary Criticism. C. F. Johnson.
Observations of a Musician. Louis Lombard.

REQUESTS

1. I want everyone to know that we appreciate what the *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent us in the past, and I hope we may not be forgotten in the future. (Mrs.) Maggie McMilin, R. 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

2. May Morgan, Rupert, Ark., sends words of grateful appreciation for all kindnesses received from *Cheerful Letter* friends. She hopes they will continue to remember her with reading and sewing material.

3. I am writing this, requesting that the *Cheerful Letter* people please send me some good books and magazines. My husband and myself live on a farm in a very lonely location, and as we both are very fond of good reading we thought someone would be kind enough to send us some occasionally. We were married four years ago. My husband is 22 now, and I am 19. We have a darling little boy, two years old. I would very much enjoy a correspondent. Nothing cheers me so much as a friendly letter. I would especially like *McCalls*, *Pictorial* or *Modern Priscilla* magazines. Thank you. (Mrs.) Ada Mae Wann, Wills Point, Texas, R. 4.

4. Mrs. Minnie Wilkey, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 185, would like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* and, also, she wishes reading for her husband.

5. I have been a member of the *Cheerful Letter* for a long time, and would be so glad if someone would send me the following books: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm." Mrs. Mary A. McGebee, Vulcan, Va.

6. I live out in the country, three miles from town. I get very lonesome. I have five children. Four of them go to school all the time.

I have to work very hard to support them. I have been making quilts this winter. I enjoy that very much. When I had the time, I made good use of all the pieces the *Cheerful Letter* friends sent me. I always appreciate anything that is sent to me or the children. We have a good high school within half a mile of us, also two good, lively churches. I hope you and the other *Cheerful Letter* friends will still remember me, and write to me in the future. (Mrs.) Ada Miller, Clifton, N. C.

7. I will appreciate some good reading, especially the *American Magazine*, or any good magazines. I would also like any sewing material and some embroidery thread. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. E. L. Wood, Snowden, Va.

8. Some of the packages that have been sent to me were torn so badly I couldn't tell who to thank for them. So I take this means of thanking everyone who has remembered me this winter. Thanks, everybody. (Miss) Emma E. Weaver, Clifton, N. C.

9. I sincerely thank all those who have sent me reading and patchwork in the past. My husband has been sick all winter, and has to stay indoors. I certainly would appreciate good reading for him, as he is very fond of reading, and can't work. I would like sewing material of any kind for myself, and also embroidery thread. Many thanks to each and every one who has remembered me for the past fifteen years. I wish the Cheerful Letter Exchange much success. Mrs. O. D. Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

10. A few years ago I used to get magazines and books through the kindness of the Cheerful Letter Club, but for some time now I have not got any, and living as I do, 20 miles from the nearest town, and not being in a position to buy books, I thought I would write and ask the *Cheerful Letter* friends if they would send me a few books. I would like to get some of Dickens' books, such as "Dombey & Son," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Bleak House." I should particularly like to get "Bleak House," but would be very thankful to get any or all of the others. I am nearly 80 years old, and should appreciate getting a few books. S. C. Gardiner, R. 1, Dayton, Ontario, Canada.

11. It has been a right long time since I heard from anyone. I have been married five years in August. I have two sweet little girls, two and three years old. I would appreciate picture books or cards for the children, and books and magazines for myself, as my husband works away from home, and I get very lonely. Would some flower friend please send some bulbs or cuttings, as I want to start some flowers this spring. Hoping to hear from some friends, I am, yours truly, Mrs. L. T. Smith, R. 1., Price, N. C.

12. Mrs. Fred Forrester, Scotland, Ark., would appreciate books and cards for a girl, 8 years old, and a boy, 5 years old; also, any reading for her husband, who is an invalid, would be a great comfort.

13. Miss Opal Tramwell, Marlow, Okla., Star Route, is 19 years old. She keeps house for her father and six younger brothers and sisters. She would like to receive any good reading or sewing material.

14. Mrs. Cora Datson, Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 197, sends thanks for past favors. She would like to receive reading for her six children, and any cheer for herself the *Cheerful Letter* friends would like to send to her. She particularly asks for the *Cheerful Letter* magazine.

15. Mrs. Coleman Neaves, Crumpler, N. C., sends grateful thanks to all *Cheerful Letter* members who answered her appeal in a recent *Cheerful Letter* magazine.

16. Mrs. S. W. Howell has not heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a year. She would like to receive sewing material, or any kind of cheer. Her address now is Sturgills, N. C.

17. Mrs. Hattie Sawyer, Clifton, N. C., who has been afflicted for many years and not able to get out, asks for good stories, magazines, with continued stories, or cards to entertain her.

18. Mrs. B. A. Witt, Epperson, Tenn., will be glad of pictures and books for her two boys, 8 and 11, that would interest them to learn at home, as advantages at schooling are very poor. For her husband she asks for "Riders of the Purple Sage."

19. Miss Judith Thornton, Pera, Va., asks for a dictionary for her sister to use in school. She would like pieces for quilts.

20. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, Va., R. 1, asks for any reading.

21. Reading is asked for by Mrs. Margaret Couch, Archey, Ark.

22. Bible stories for children are asked for by Mrs. M. B. Gregory, Tennessee Colony, Texas, R. 1.

23. Miss Alma Lewis, of Big Spring, Tenn., R. 1, a young orphan girl, asks for scraps and embroidery cotton.

24. Miss N. M. Smith, Price, N. C., R. 1, Box 20, a lonely country girl living with her widowed mother ten miles from town, will be glad of books or magazines.

25. Evelyn Turner, Dodson, Va., R. 1, Box 10, asks for reading to help her through the sixth grade in school, and her 11-year-old sister would appreciate good stories and pictures.

26. I am just out of a hospital, having spent six weeks there on account of serious injuries to the head, caused by an automobile accident. I have four children. The girls are Lois, aged 9½ years, and Iva, 7 years. The boys are

Curtis, 4 years, and Maynard, 2 years, and a husband with a heavy hospital bill to pay for me. I would appreciate quilt pieces, and good reading. Mrs. George R. Nolen, Covesville, Va.

27. I have come to ask if some of the dear ones could remember me with seed for my garden again this year. I want the flowers to sell, for I have no other way to earn anything, so I hope to get the seed. I shall need sweet pea seed, nasturtium seed, baby's breath seed, and I would be glad of gladiolus and dahlia bulbs. I do hope some will remember me. And will you write to me? You can't tell how lonely I am, all alone, and I miss so the dear ones gone. If you want a reply to any letter, please send a stamp, for the way is hard and postage counts up. Would anyone have any cretonne pieces to spare, or yarn? I shall hope to have a letter from someone, for I get so down-hearted all alone. My trust is in God, and I ask Him to provide for the seed. Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine.

28. I would be so glad if someone would send me some books written by Mary J. Holmes or Georgia Sheldon, or any other books or magazines. My brother, 17 years old, would like books for boys, such as Boy Scout books, or Western stories. I would like to have some quilt scraps, too. We live in the country, and get very lonely. Elsie Thomas, Springwood, Va.

29. The *Christian Herald* is asked for by Miss Leona Brown, Bowie, Texas, R. 3, Box 3.

30. Mrs. Robert Sapp, Reidsville, N. C., R. 4, with boy, 11, and girl, 7 years of age, living on rented land, will be glad of cards and suitable reading.

31. I am very lonely, and not stout. I have two little girls, aged 4 and 2. My husband is a farmer, and away from home most all the time. I thought I would write you, as we get very lonely. Perhaps you might send me some reading or quilt pieces to help pass away the lonely hours. I would like to receive the *Cheerful Letter* magazine, so I could read what you dear ladies are doing. I live four miles from church. Hubby and I both are Christians, trying to do right. I don't get to church often. If you would send me some reading I'll gladly pass them on to others. Mrs. J. B. Shepherd, Thaxton, N. C.

32. I am a married woman and the mother of four children, two boys and two girls, aged 5 to 14 years. I would love to receive some patchwork pieces or embroidery thread, also reading for the children. Mrs. W. H. Miller, Tuckerdale, N. C.

33. I am just a farmer's wife, and have one little girl. She loves cards and pictures. I am thankful for the things so many sent us. I have moved to the West, and would like to have some correspondents, as I am so lonesome out here. I would be thankful for quilt scraps, and magazines for my husband, and cards for Kathaleen. Mrs. Clara Watson, Electra, Texas, R. A. Box 176-Q.

34. Mrs. Vada Hopkins, Krum, Texas, R. 1, with three young children, is now housed, with a broken leg, and will appreciate cards for the children and light reading for herself.

THERE ISN'T TIME

LIFE isn't long—a mother's song,
  And then another's smile,
Then romping feet, and then the sweet
  Remembrances awhile.
From gold to gray, from dawn to day,
  And then the twilight hours—
Life is too brief to hunt for grief,
  For thorns among the flow'rs.

If hurt today by what men say,
  If wounded by a friend,
Oh, let tonight set all things right—
  Let trouble have an end.
Life is too short to let report
  Or rumor long annoy;
Today has had so much so glad
  We need it all for joy.

God's world, God's word, His breeze, His bird,
  No hand can rob you of;
Wrong comes too late for hearts to hate—
  There is so much to love.
Life isn't long, just time for song,
  And love, and things sublime.
Be not concerned with thoughts that burned—
  Good friends, there isn't time.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

EVERYTHING has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.—*Epictetus.*

ONE of the important facts apparent as Congress convenes is that the body is so overwhelmingly dry as to preclude the possibility of any effective attack on the prohibitory laws.

Admission to this effect is made by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, and nothing could be more meaningful than such an admission from that source.

There has been absolutely no materialization of the "wet reaction" about which so much was said by the wets a year or two ago.—*Des Moines Register.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

EVEN for those trying to reduce, diet should be varied, according to Edith M. Barber, food expert of the New York *Sun*. Fats and carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are practically interchangeable, and we seem better able to digest animal or vegetable fats if carbohydrates are included in the diet. They all serve as quick fuel for the creation of body energy. Proteins are needed also for food value, but should be partaken of in moderation. Fats are all about equal as to calories, with the exception of butter and cream, which contain water and vitamins not found in other fats. One form of oleomargarine has extract of vitamin A added to it. Cod liver oil is richer in this vitamin than other fats, as well as in vitamin D, which protects from rickets. Miss Barber assures us that vitamin A not only stimulates growth but safeguards against pulmonary diseases, colds, and sinus and mastoid troubles. It is plentiful in the yolk of eggs. She suggests the use of mineral oil combined with vegetable, where reducing is desirable, as it is bland and palatable in salad dressing, and is low in calory value. It is also beneficial when fats can not be digested.

Dr. Evans of the University of California announces the discovery of a new vitamin which is the sixth known, and so labelled F. While scientists recognize what vitamins do, nothing has been learned as to what they are, except that they promote or control vital functions. Rats tested by Dr. Evans and his colleague proved vitamin F necessary to growth and development. If deprived of food containing it, they only attained half their proper size and remained immature; but after being given lettuce and liver, which are especially rich in this vitamin, they become normal.

In speaking at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City, Dr. Mikkel Hindhate, food administrator of Denmark, advocated five times the amount of potatoes ordinarily consumed in our diet, claiming that they are unjustly abused and that reducing faddists are "unscientific and silly" in placing a ban upon them, as they are 75% water and do not produce corpulency if part of a balanced diet. Certainly we are aware that they form a large part of the food of the inhabitants of Ireland, who are exceptionally full of vitality. He does, however, include the caution of cooking potatoes "in their jackets" to conserve food value, most of which is found in or next the skin. They are now thought to contain vitamins, which explains, perhaps, their effect on the Irish.

Dr. Hindhate claims potatoes have as many calories as meat, butter or eggs, and less of vitamin A. (Again, we hear the note of warning against overeating.) Too much of vitamin A produces sluggishness, and breaks down resistance to disease, so margarine is preferable partially, at least, to substitute for butter. To do so, he believes, would improve health standards and reduce the mortality rate in America, since margarine contains the same amount of calories but less of vitamin A, too much of which, for children, causes tonsilitis, eczema, enlarged glands and anaemia.

In using the term calories, we should think of "heartiness," while in referring to vitamins, we consider life-giving qualities. Inactive people often eat an oversupply of calories, while eating sparingly, or ignoring entirely, the foods rich in vitamin. In restaurants one may see pallid individuals ordering a "hearty meal" of beef and potatoes, with rolls and coffee, quite satisfied that they are "well fed," while their sallow skins and tired eyes show that they are starving for want of fruits, raw greens and vegetables such as onions, beets or carrots.

Since the prohibition law went into effect, the consumption of milk has materially increased, according to B. M. Thoens, of Borden's Farm Products Co., Inc., of New York, who recently addressed a conference of International Milk Dealers in Atlantic City. "The time was when the old-fashioned growler and gin bottles would be found in the factory lunch rooms. Nowadays these quarters will be found strewn with empty milk bottles. The holder of the 'white collared' job, instead of walking into the nearest saloon and partaking of a few beers or a Scotch highball, along with a free lunch, is now stepping into the corner drug store and ordering a milk-shake with sandwich or crackers. In the home a glass of milk is taking the place of a cup of coffee or tea." It might be added that our young people, grown wary of the type of liquor procurable, have also turned to milk drinking as a social function, and it is the wise homemaker who sees that there is always a plentiful supply of this beneficial food-drink available.

Professor Ellsworth Huntington places heating and ventilating engineers in the list of great benefactors of mankind. "The distribution of civilization is very closely connected with the distribution of human energy. Energy in turn depends very largely upon health, and health upon climate." The "best climate" is one where the temperature ranges from not much below freezing point at night, in the winter, to about 80 degrees F. by day in summer, and where the storms which bring changes are frequent. Sudden drops in temperature are beneficial and promote energy, "almost invariably stimulating." Temperature must rise to produce a drop, but moderate change from day to day is sufficient to produce the desirable variability, about three degrees. Engineers and homemakers control this indoors already, and it is

suggested that the cold deep waters of the ocean be used to cool tropical climates, presumably as fire hose is utilized to transform hot city streets.

Professor Huntington states that all races, Finnish from the Arctic Circle or Italian from a sunny clime, thrive equally under the same favorable conditions, and that their adaptability to climate is a "deep-seated physiological fact like the uniformity of the temperature of the blood in all races."

—Laura R. Donnell.

AN ALPHABETICAL WOOING

Let other talk of L N's eyes,
And K T's figure light and free,
Say L R, too, is beautiful—
I heed them not while U I C.
U need not N V them, for U
X L them all, my M L E.
I have no words when I would tell
How much in love with U I B.
So sweet U R, my D R E,
I love your very F E G;
And when you speak or sing, your voice
Is like a winsome L O D.
When U R I C, hope D K's,
I am a mere non-N T T.
Such F E K C has your smile,
It shields from N E N M E.
For love as deep as mine, I fear,
There is no other M E D.
But that you love me back again—
O, thought of heavenly X T C;
So, lest my M T heart and I
Should sing for love an L E G;
T's me no more—B Y's, B kind,
O, M L E, U R, I C!

—*Anonymous.*

It was a dark night, and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With some difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read: "Wet Paint."—*Maryland Service Man.*

MONKS WERE CROP GROWERS

Bricks in California Missions Reveal Many Varieties—Jesuits First to Cultivate Fruits, Vegetables—Wheat Introduced as Early as 1787

Positive evidence of crops grown by the Jesuit and Franciscan monks at the early missions, has been established by George W. Hendry, assistant professor of agronomy in the College of Agriculture, and associate agronomist in the experiment station, University of California, working with Margaret P. Kelly, seed analyst of the State Department of Agriculture. While there has been documentary evidence as to some of the crops grown, it was not until Professor Hendry and Miss Kelly dissolved bricks taken from mission walls and examined their contents, that definite knowledge was obtained as to crops and varieties.

Between 1697 and 1768, the Jesuit monks built a chain of fifteen missions in the peninsula of Lower California and between 1769 and 1824 this chain was extended northward to Sonoma by the addition of twenty-one Franciscan missions. These missions established the first civilization in this 1100 miles of Pacific Coast territory and through them were introduced into California the first cultivated fruits, vegetables and field crops. The Jesuits are supposed to have introduced the orange, fig, grape, citron, pomegranate, olive and date into Lower California and the Franciscans are said to have added apples, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, wheat, barley, maize, garbanzos, horse beans, frijoll beans, flax, hemp, cotton, peas, tobacco, onions, peppers and melons.

The investigators took adobe bricks from the walls of the missions and ranchos, immersed them in water for a few hours and found that the seeds and plant fragments contained were easily separated and when washed appeared bright and well-preserved.

As a result, Little Club wheat, thought to have been introduced into California from Chile about 1860, was found in every building, proving it was introduced by the missionaries at least as early as 1787, nearly a century earlier. Big Club wheat, not known before to have been grown in this state before 1866, now is known to have existed here as early as 1824. Propo wheat, thought to have been the result of a field selection by Mr. Proper at Sutter Station, about 1875, is now known to have been introduced as early as 1787. Sonora wheat, thought to have been a mission introduction, was not found in any of the buildings. Coast barley, the common California barley, was found in all of the missions. An unknown beardless wheat and two varieties of oats were found; but only one wild oat was found, that at Mission San Juan Bautista, in stairs built between 1805 and 1813. Carrots, garden peas and watermelons were found, as was an olive of seeding variety, not the well-known Mission.

Weeds found were the Napa thistle, wild mustard, red stem filaree, sowbane, prickly sow-thistle, cheese weed, wild lettuce, curly dock and carrot. The mere finding of these plants does not prove they were introduced by the missions, say the investigators, but when the same weed occurs in widely separated localities and when it is remembered that many of these weeds characteristically follow in the wake of cultivation, it would seem that the missions must have played an important part in their dissemination if not in their actual introduction.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE WOMAN'S GARDEN

Some of the most important growers are saying frankly that much of the advice about the planting and growing of roses which has always been taken as law and gospel is wholly unwarranted. This applies particularly to the deep planting of roses. For years every book on rose growing and every article discussing the subject has advocated planting the bushes much deeper than they grew in the nursery. As is well known, practically all our garden roses are budded on some strong growing stock. This graft can be detected by a little knob or ridge on the stem. The theory has been that this graft should be planted at least two inches under the surface of the ground. Now comes Mr. J. Horace McFarland, in the new edition of the *American Rose Annual*, the official publication of the American Rose Society, with a declaration that all this is unnecessary, if not wholly erroneous. This is to confirm an article in the rose annual by an expert rose grower in the South, who advocates planting the roses no deeper than they were in the nursery, and perhaps not so deep.

He says: "A rose as it comes from the nursery may have but a single tier of roots, or the roots may originate along the stalk for a distance of a few inches, or if a seedling stock has been used there may be a tap root. To cover all these cases, the best advice that can be given is either to plant the rose at the same depth that it grew, indicated by the earth mark on the stem, or to place the uppermost roots three to four inches below the surface of the finished bed—no more. If a rose grower feels that he cannot plant his roses shallowly, then let him set them as advised at the proper depth in a depressed bed and gradually fill in around them with good soil after they are established."

All this comes on top of another heretical utterance which relates to the deep preparation of rose beds. We have been told by all the rose experts up to the present time that rose beds ought to be dug three or four feet deep, filled with alternate layers of sod, manure, fat soil and commercial fertilizers, and in other ways elaborately made ready. Here, too, it seems we have been wasting our time, our strength and our money. To bury a lot of manure deeply under the roses does practically no good, because the rose roots never grow very far and seldom reach the fertilizer at all.

In actual practice roses have thrived just as well when they have been planted with reasonable care and in ordinary good garden soil as when these far-fetched preparations have been practiced.

It is important to have land which is well drained, because roses will never thrive if they have wet feet. It is important also that they shall get the sun for at least half the day, and that the soil shall be kept cultivated throughout the summer or else mulched in such a way that the moisture will be conserved. The use of peat moss as a mulch is growing in popularity. If this material is spread two or three inches deep over the bed it will do away with much hoeing and watering. Apparently this mulching also tends to prevent the spread of mildew and black spot.

The new way of feeding roses is to use liquid manure at frequent intervals up to the first of August, when feeding is discontinued to permit the bushes to harden up for winter. This liquid manure should not be weak, as is generally recommended, but should be strong and rank. If each rose plant gets a good half gallon of this rich dose every fortnight, from early May until the end of July, there will be no lack of nourishment.

Every rose book which has been written in past years advises very hard pruning, cutting back to two or three eyes each spring. Now comes the word that this is both wasteful and bad practice. It is important, of course, to take out old wood and weak wood, but an abundance of new canes should be allowed to remain.

When the wood is reduced the foliage is reduced also, with the result that the activities of the roots suffer. The leaves are the lungs and stomachs of the plants, without which they cannot thrive.

Mrs. Harriet Foote of Marblehead, who is one of the leading rosarians of America, and who laid out the wonderful rose garden on the estate of Congressman Frothingham in North Easton, is very much opposed to hard pruning. In her own garden, and in many gardens which she supervises, the plants are allowed to make strong, vigorous growth, with the result that an enormous crop of flowers is produced each season.

Women who have rose gardens in which the newer hybrid teas have been planted no doubt have experienced more or less trouble with mildew and black spot. The wonderful new yellow rose, Souvenir de Claudius Pernet, and other roses of this type, are greatly subject to black spot, which causes the leaves to drop by the middle of summer. It is encouraging to find, therefore, that a remedy has been discovered which is very effective in dealing with black spot as well as with mildew. It is called the Massey dust treatment. The material used is prepared by mixing nine parts of dusting sulphur by bulk with one part of powdered lead arsenate. This material is dusted onto the plants every two weeks throughout the season. This treatment is cheap, the material does not discolor the foliage, and it is readily applied with a little powder gun.—*Boston Transcript.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

LITTLE PINE TREE'S WISH

DEEP in the forest stood Little Pine Tree, and close about him stood his neighbors and friends, all very tall, very straight, and very proud, too, that they were so. To them, Little Pine Tree was only a pretty child. The secrets which the wind told them in passing, they did not often bother to tell him; the news they got from the birds who stopped to rest in their tall branches, they did not trouble to hand down to this eager little companion.

So that when he overheard them gossiping about lumber camps and woodchoppers, he had not the slightest idea what they meant. And later he was greatly puzzled by their talk of going out into the world to become telephone poles. But by and by he did get it fairly clear, and came to understand what was needful to be chosen for such a wonderful place in life. One must be tall, must be straight, without bend or twist, sound and whole. The old tree, who finally took time to talk with Little Pine Tree about it, told him all this very kindly, and then he bent down a low-hung branch and gently touched the very top of Little Pine Tree's head in a most loving way.

"You are sound and whole, little one," he said, "you are straight as anyone could wish, but—you are not tall."

"I feel tall," argued Little Pine Tree.

A soft laughing murmur came from the great fatherly pine.

"I believe you do," he said earnestly. "You are sound at heart, and so you feel tall. But no woodchopper would choose you for a telephone pole. I haven't a doubt there is something for you to do in the world, but no, little friend, you are not tall enough to bear the heavy, singing wires high in the air where they must be borne."

If, deep in his heart, Little Pine Tree grieved a bit, he took care that none knew of it. He held his sturdy branches out and nodded his needled head as gayly as he had always done.

WOODCHOPPERS AT HAND

Busy days came into the life of the forest. High up in the topmost branches there was so much important talk going on, that Little Pine Tree was left more and more to himself. There drifted down stray bits of gossip, so that by putting things together in his own quiet way, he knew the woodchoppers were near at hand, and that the ringing sounds he had been hearing from dawn till dark each day were their axes at work, and that the tremendous crashes were trees falling.

"Going away to be telephone poles," sighed Little Pine Tree, quite to himself, of course.

And then, one wonderful day, he saw the woodchoppers themselves—and what was more, three of them came and sat with him and ate their noonday lunch. How he quivered with delight when the jolly white-haired man sat leaning against him, eating his thick sandwich while he read again a letter from his boyhood home in England!

"It's going to be springtime in Old England soon, lads," he said, as he folded it again into his pocket.

"The same as here, Old Joe," laughed back one of his helpers.

"Yes, the same as here, and yet not the same," answered Old Joe. "I'm wondering now if they still keep the May Day as they kept it when I was but a lad. Early up and early out, we were that morning, to the village green—carrying nosegays to our little sweethearts, and choosing the May Queen. And then the dances around the Maypole, with the pretty ribbons fluttering—and children everywhere, tumbling and scampering and skipping the whole day through. I'd give a deal to see a Maypole again. The woods I love, but, lads, I'm fair hungering for the sight of children."

From that minute Little Pine Tree knew. Once he had thought it would be a grand thing to go out into the world and be a telephone pole, but now, oh, much more he wished he might be a Maypole and stand in the center of a circle of dancing children. It seemed a foolish dream, perhaps, but he hugged it softly to his heart. Children? He scarcely knew what they were, but they danced and sang, and they were maybe a bit like birds, he thought.

The chopping came nearer and nearer, and then there came a day when someone called out, "Hey, Joe, what about this little fellow? Shall we take him or leave him standing?"

Old Joe ran his hand lovingly over Little Pine Tree's shaggy sides.

MAYPOLE MEMORIES

"He will make no pole for the company, of that I'm sure, but let's send him along. He takes me back someway to the Maypoles I used to know. Let's send him along. Who knows? Someone may yet want a Maypole."

So Little Pine Tree went along with the tall straight tree—out from the deep forest, away and away on long trains, for miles and miles. Many a bump did he have from the heavier and longer poles, many a jolt and hard knock.

"You are very foolish," they said to him more than once. "We have told you that telephone poles must be tall. As to the Maypoles you keep talking about, we have never heard of such things. Why don't you drop out and be comfortable? We don't like to be forever crowding you, but how can we help it when we are so big and heavy and you are so small?"

But no. Little Pine Tree did not drop out. Whenever they were shifted from one place to another, whenever there was a sorting, in some way he crept in and went along, until by and by they were landed in an immense yard filled with stacks and stacks of lumber of all sorts. Workmen came and looked them over, tapped their sides and measured them; and then one by one they were carted away until most of the old friends were gone. But Little Pine Tree had no time to be unhappy at being left alone. Were there not strangers coming in now every day in great loads? Plainly it was his duty to make them welcome.

Sometimes when the night came down, and the soft moonlight shone all about him, Little Pine Tree lay awake wondering. Was he always to live here in this great yard?

"Well," he sighed softly, "there really is plenty for me to do here, what with keeping those who get left behind from becoming discontented, and seeing that the newcomers do not get lonely. I'm busy every minute. But there is no harm in wanting to be a Maypole if I do not let it spoil me for my day's work. It isn't a bad wish —it's a good wish—and I am not going to give it up just because it doesn't seem to come true. If I do get a chance to be a Maypole sometime, I'll be the happiest pine tree that ever came out of the forest. But if I don't, I guess I can be happy here, too."

And moonlight or no moonlight, anyone so comfortable and contented as was Little Pine Tree couldn't stay awake one minute longer.

Thump, Thump, Thump

Someone was thump, thump, thumping Little Pine Tree, and that, of course, waked him from his dream of the old forest. Half asleep, he heard a brisk voice saying, "The very thing. Exactly what we want. If we had looked the city over we couldn't have found a pole that suited better. Just the right height, just the right size, straight as a pikestaff—why, I tell you this tree was grown just to be a Maypole!"

Too hurried and excited even to say good-by to all his friends, Little Pine Tree was carted away to the Public Playground, and found himself being set in place, while a great crowd of children shouted about him, and played games, and did a hundred happy things that happy children do, but of which little pine trees deep in the forest never know.

What Old Joe had called ribbons turned out to be long strips of bunting, and to one who had never known any color other than green, the lengths of scarlet and lavender and blue and orange were very beautiful. The laughing boys and girls who went dancing about him, weaving these lovely things into pretty patterns, made Little Pine Tree think again of a flock of butterflies which had fluttered across the big yard one summer day.

To be sure there was a May Queen, just as Old Joe had said there used to be in England when he was a lad—a little mite of a dark-haired girl with shining eyes. And when the garland was placed on her head and all the children shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Peggy's Queen!" she made a shy bow. But when they called out, "Make your wish, Peggy Queen! Make your wish!" she stood up beside her pretty throne and said without one trace of shyness, "I wish we might keep the Maypole here to play with all the time, instead of having it just for today."

It was a pretty wish, just as Little Pine Tree's had been—and they both came true. The flimsy bunting ribbons were exchanged for waterproof strips of brilliant colors, and not a day of all the week but a crowd of laughing children went dancing and singing about Little Pine Tree.

And often when all the children had gone away home to their beds, Little Pine Tree lay awake, too full of gladness for sleep.—*Reba M. Stevens, in Christian Science Monitor.*

A recent questionnaire sent out by one of the insurance companies to executives of clubs and like organizations, asking whether the Eighteenth Amendment had been helpful or hurtful to the industries with which they were connected or were acquainted, brought back replies which will be a genuine surprise to those who have been taking the wet propaganda too seriously.

Men's luncheon clubs reported 52 to 15—three to one favorable; women's clubs, 55 to 11—five to one; directors of state chambers of commerce, 33 to 8—four to one; country clubs, 156 to 26—six to one, and sales executives, 22 to 1, all favorable.

A lot of thoughtless people have supposed that prohibition was the work of sentimentalists, pietists and professional uplifters. The people who made the answers recorded above are the class of people who get right down to cases and who absolutely "know their onions." That is particularly true of the sales organizations, who, stood 22 to 1 for the amendment.—*M. W. A., in Los Angeles Times.*

A CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—*Howard Arnold Walter.*

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
And strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

MALE BUTTERFLY LURES HIS LADY WITH PERFUME

Dr. Austin H. Clark of the United States National Museum says the male butterfly, not the female, emits the sweet odors and wears the pretty colors. The gentleman butterfly uses enticing perfumes to attract the other sex.

These odors originate in the hair or scales grouped in patches on the hind wings and, in some, the hind legs. The scents are distributed in all directions and literally fill the air about the insect.

Dr. Clark has found that lemon, verbena, musk and many others are common. A homely butterfly may emit a variety of gay odors.—*Clipped.*

Pageant of Progress—In 1895: "Look, there's a motorcar!"

In 1925: "Look, there's a horse!"

In 1955: "Look, there's a pedestrian!"—*Tar.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines, should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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